

Notable Women

The Patriotic Wives and Mothers of Japan

The little women of Japan love their country so passionately that for it they would sacrifice every being and every object they hold dear—husbands, brothers and sons—and their own lives first of all and count it joy. There are several instances on record in which in the present war Japanese women have disguised themselves as men and joined the army, their sex only being discovered when they were killed or wounded. One of these heroines served her country as a spy, in this capacity being most successful and fearless. At last she was captured by the Russians and hanged. She met her fate



MME OYAMA.

wearing a glorified smile, as though she knew heaven itself was waiting to receive those who died for their country. After her death it was discovered that the body being prepared for the grave was the body of a woman. This was told to the Russian

Marchioness Oyama.
Japan is today more really democratic socially than the republic of America. Ladies of the highest nobility have none of the top-loftical snobbery that characterizes many of the women of the "new rich" here. Mme. Oyama, wife of the Japanese field marshal, is as humble minded in her patriotism as the soldier in the work for the soldiers at the front.

Stematz Yamakawa, now the wife of General Oyama, was a child during the war which finally drove the shoguns from the throne of Japan. The older sisters of Stematz actually wore armor, prepared to defend their home, which was besieged during the war. Later brave little Stematz was sent to America to be educated. She was in our country eleven years and was graduated at Vassar. Marchioness Oyama is at the head of an organization formed to collect and forward useful gifts to the beloved soldiers in the field.

Mrs. Ioko Okumura.
The mother of Japanese women patriots may be said to be the venerable Ioko Okumura, known and loved through the length and breadth of her native land. She appears to have been one of the first Japanese women to feel a call to modern philanthropic work. Before the war between China and Japan Mrs. Okumura went to Korea to do missionary work among the ignorant people of that out of date land.

At the outbreak of the China-Japanese war Mrs. Okumura returned from Korea and went where she could serve her country directly. She, already a gray haired woman, was in China during the Boxer uprising and was actually with the Japanese advance against the rebels. When a soldier was killed this pious and loving woman attended his funeral and prayed for his departed soul, according to the custom of her people. To see her kneeling in prayer beside the bier of one of their comrades brought tears to the eyes even of rugged Japanese soldiers. After the Boxer rebellion was put down Mrs. Okumura, as she was now called, went home and organized the Japanese Ladies' Protective association, a national society to take care of the families of soldiers.

Willing to Help Him Out.
After the doctor had examined the patient and the man's wife wanted to know the nature of the illness the conscientious physician said:
"Your husband's condition is such that it will take some time to differentiate the symptoms to arrive at an accurate conception of the malady from which he is suffering. The treatment must be symptomatic. I must first make a diagnosis."
"I hope you can make it of calico," remarked the woman, "for I haven't a piece of fannel in the house."—New York Press.



A Big Handicap.
Instructor—Dat guy over there is me prize pupil, but he'll never make a successful prize fighter.
Visitor—What seems to be his drawback?
Instructor—Why, de poor slob is tongue tied.—New York World.

A Misanthropic Petitioner.
Not long since the choir in one of the fashionable churches of the south rendered a long and difficult anthem, one with many frills and furbelows. The good minister sat patiently through it, but when the anthem was finished he arose and, to the amusement of both congregation and choir, began his prayer in deeply earnest tones, saying, "Oh, Lord, we thank thee that we are still alive!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Looking For a Hardy Man.
Patience—Well, what sort of a husband do you suppose I want—a gentleman?
Patrice—Oh, no; you are too much of an automobile fender to marry a gentleman. What you want is a mechanic.—Yonkers Statesman.

you'd find relief," replied the pious man.
"Not me. I wouldn't enjoy it. I've got insomnia."—Philadelphia Press.

Less on Her.
She—As a general thing a woman has more honor than a man.
He—Oh, I don't know. If they are occupying a box at the opera the chances are the man has more on him.—Detroit Tribune.

Very Careless.
Mrs. Tufty—Didn't Mrs. Green leave her card? The New Maid—Yes, she left it, an' I had to chase her two blocks to give it back to her.—Philadelphia Inquirer.
Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.—Plato.

Agrees With Her.
Clara—I can't see why people think summer is duller than winter.
Harold—No, considering so many things come off in summer!—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Pity the Man.
Dyer—So her father gave his consent?
Ryer—Yes.
Dyer—Has he a grudge against you?
—Tarrytown (N. Y.) News.

No Immediate Danger.
"So your daughter is going on the stage? Don't you hate awfully to have her become an actress?"
"Oh, she isn't going to be an actress. The company she goes out with plays only one night stands."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Revised.
Mamma—Now, as this is your fifth birthday, Robert, would you like to have a pretty cake with five candles in it?
Robert—Well, I guess I'd rather have five cakes and one candle!—Cleveland Leader.

Her Mind Easy.
"Do you expect Charley to catch anything on his fishing trip?" said young Mrs. Torkins' mother.
"No," was the reply. "He's been vaccinated and took ten grains of quinine before he started."—Washington Star.



The Cause of It.
Angry Wife—It seems to me we've been married a century. I can't even remember when or where we first met.
Husband (emphatically)—I can. It was at a dinner party where there were thirteen at table.

Her Thoughts of Rings.
He—When I look at a girl's eyes I can always see what she's hoping for.
She—Oh, have I got rings about my eyes this evening?—Yonkers Statesman.

A Siam.
"Blankley doesn't approve of his wife's literary ambitions, does he?"
"What makes you think so?"
"He calls her 'the authoress.'"—Detroit Free Press.

The Only One She Loves.
He sat beside the summer girl,
As in the sun she basked.
"Am I the only man you love?"
Quite ardently he asked.

TORTURE AND HUMILIATION

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Quite So.
"Deep mourning" for a widow means a heavy crape veil and all that, doesn't it?
"Yes."
"And what does 'second mourning' mean?"
"Well, that usually means she's looking for a second."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Installments.
Bacon—Did you ever get anything on the installment plan?
Egbert—Yes; I got my household that way. First I got my wife, then her father and mother, and now I'm getting her brothers and sisters.—Yonkers Statesman.

As Represented.
Patient—Look here, doctor; you said if I took a bottle of your tonic I would have a remarkable appetite. Why, I only eat one soda cracker each week.
Doctor—Well, don't you call that a remarkable appetite?—Chicago News.

Woman's Health

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TOO DIFFICULT
It is a Pennsylvania town where the friends of a young man who had in the course of his twenty-one years received much needed discipline at his hands.
The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and at a point in the wedding breakfast her young relative looked over at her with a brilliant smile.
"Tell us why you never married, Aunt Polly," he said, innocently.
"That is soon told, William," said the old Quaker, calmly. "It was because I was not as easy pleased as thy wife was."

Do you know of a better one

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BOILS AND ERUPTIONS
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Cleveland, Tenn. W. K. DEXTER.
For over fifteen years I have suffered more or less from Impure Blood. About a year ago I had a boil appear on my leg below the knee, which was followed by three more on my neck. I saw S. S. S. advertised and decided to try it. After taking three bottles all Boils disappeared and I have not been troubled any since.
Geo. C. FRATTO,
114 W. Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.
Newark, Ohio, May 23, 1905.
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